BOZART and Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

MARCH-APRIL, 1932

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY, GEORGIA

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CIDER ORCHARD

Under the orchard branches for roods on roods,
  When blossom's gone and gusty passion's ended,
Dimmer than ocean greenness, the light broods
  On one still purpose: apples round and splendid.

Towards their bringing forth, the leagues of leaves
  Are one green womb and ruthless as the wave:
Like crumpled shells which no tide ever heaves
  The charred brown petals in quintillions pave

The soundless floor. They might have frittered down,
  For all we know, with lost leviathan bones—
So emptied of all purpose they embrown
  Below the timeless twilight which disowns.

So still, so still . . . yet not a single tree
  But pushes upward from corruption's grapple
Invisible fountains of fecundity
  Towards one fiery star: this autumn's apple.

Arterial trunk, capillary twig and fork
  Pulse with one thunder blindly to this end:
Gigantic geysers jet through pipes of cork,
  Untold Niagaras to dark roots descend.

This is no silence, but an air which sound
  Has stunned to deafness, as our heavy peace
Is stupor merely, knowing we are bound
  By the same Daemon for the earth's increase,

When we are used and broken, will this force
  As blindly welcome Spring's annunciation,
And the same strength of twenty million horse
  Pound in one milky thought of procreation.

Perishing and parturition, nothing more—
  O how this earthy quiet weighs on us.
O run, O follow the green tunnel's bore:
  At least the sky, the pure, the luminous.

Out on the naked hills, O anywhere
  To lose this nightmare of the flesh, to find
Some flame that calcines the dark sexual snare
  And leaves a white virginity of mind.

—GEOFFREY JOHNSON

YOUNG ARTIST

I think that Satan must have looked like you
  When he was young and hell a virgin place.
  There is a bitter beauty in your face,
Presaging all the evil you will do.
A great tragedian awaits his cue
  To enter and enthrall the populace
  Who watch him struggle in the iron embrace
Of fate. The scenes are laid in hell's purlieu.
I can forsee the part that you will play;
  The proud, rebellious role that you will choose;
The paradise that you will surely lose;
  The utter darkness when your warlike day
Is ended. But tonight I only render
Homage to your defiant, tragic splendor.

—JOSEPH UPPER

ROMANCE

As one far come he breathed the odors of
The Nile-bathed citron tree; he mused on myrrh;
He saw white almonds snowing in a grove,
And bleeding pomegranates when he looked on her.

He saw a temple gleaming in a height,
With myrtle hung when Sheba came to see;
And dared not, could not speak to this divinity.
He walked with Astarte in the moon-mad night,

Though days and months and years, like ghostly ships,
Have plied time's seas to the ultimate West,
Salome's flame is crimson on her lips,
Salome's passionate breath makes tumult in her breast.

Fairer than Eve was on that distant morn;
Fairer than any maid in Ascalon:
He saw Ruth dreaming in the yellow corn,
Her rounded arms, like silver, gleaming in the sun.

—ALEX R. SCHMIDT

QUERY OF ESCAPE

Since we must lose our earthliness at last,
Where shall we find a secret halidom
Beyond the battle din of dieties
Who seek the golden throne of Kingdom Come?

There is no peace among the thousand gods,
No truce to quiet Buddha or Messiah,
When each Osiris is Beelzebub
And any prophet metaphysic liar.

Along the windy corridors of sky
Divine encounters multiply like thunder,
As elfish juggernauths are beaten back
And Brobdingnags assume the sacred plunder.

The rabid clamor permeates the earth:
A hundred foes refuse a sacrament;
The altar is a place for demigods
To mouth old malices in discontent.

Incredulence and credulence abound;
No warring diety has counterpart.
In bitter, cataclysmic skirmishing
Each god has sacked the sanctum of a heart.

Therefore, I ask, how may we pass among
These bastioned divinities who wait
Behind a snare of mythologic words,
To seek the hidden Golden Fleece of Fate?

Where may we go beyond belligerents
Who barricade themselves behind a creed,
To see a secret urge uncurl the fern,
To feel beneficence inspire the seed?

There is no password to apocalypse.
There is no certain earthly sheboleth
To covert regions of oblivion,
As near or far as we surmise, save death.

—Robert Leseur Jones

WIDOW

I shall wear black with a white edge on my hat
And walk the aisle to the pew where you once sat,
Nor raise my eyes to view the wondering faces
Of women dressed in bright Castilian laces.
I shall nod and mark the brilliant colors there
On muslin gowns and the linen starched with care,
On shawls, and fans in slender jewelled fingers—
Here too the breath of orange blossom lingers.
Then after the hymn, and quiet, I shall turn back;
You will be there saying, "How well you look in black."

—Raymond Kresensky

TORCHES

Three things are mine that yesterday the earth
Held from me with unseasonable disdain.
I have three mirrors turned against the mirth
Of shadows; nor can I drink deep again
Of any darkness: The wind's sudden malice
Snarled in a pine, a cobalt spider ambled
Across the sun-hot silver of its palace,
Ripe incense hung where purple lilies tumbled.

O how immortal is the world's calm art,
Tinctured with life and death. Such hues as these
Which glimmer patiently upon the heart
Some day will be a torch to light it over
The murk and damp of a death-rushing river
Frosting the shores of some white paradise.

—James E. Warren, Jr.

OVER SUPPLY

I used to cultivate a pain
To make it yield a song of sorrow.
But, now supply exceeds demand,
I seek for one who wants to borrow!

—G. Ersyl Manahan

THE OTHER

While we two gobble liverwurst and leeks,
And prime ourselves to talk by guzzling booze,
He will be sitting home in stockinged feet,
Reading with dull avidity the news.

Beside a fire that shines on copper bowls
You read Verlaine to me, and while we choose
Between Debussy and Ravel, I know
He turns the dial from stock reports to blues.

When, drugged by warmth and color of our dreams
And with the heavy liquor music brews,
We dim the lights and, yawning, climb to bed,
Still he will squat, with mouth agape, and snooze.

—MARION R. GOBLE

SPRINGTIME IN A CITY SLUM

Here there is no April.
Never blade was thrust
Of daffodil or crocus
Through this grim dust.

Are there dreams of April?
If any here have heard
Though long ago that lovely,
That exultant word;

If they have found arbutus
Where leaves were brown and wet,
And if they still remember,
Soon—soon—may they forget!

April, on my hill-top,
Place not the jasmine's crown:
Forbid the pear and plum tree
To sift warm petals down.

I would keep faith with sorrow:
Then let no bluebird sing—
Or may his song be only
Of those forgot of spring!

—MARY SINTON LEITCH

IN A SYNAGOGUE

My alien feet were hesitant that day
  As I approached the unfamiliar door;
But once inside, I bowed my head to pray,
  Nor felt apostate to my race and lore.
Perhaps the Ark once led some sire of mine
  Through thirst and weariness to pitch his tent
In Canaan's fields; to plant his corn and vine;
  To keep Jehovah's solemn Covenant.

I cannot tell what springs gave up the seal
  Of centuries of endless pilgrimage;
What muted chords were those to wake and peal,
  Or what the writing on the sacred page—
But One who preached in far off Galilee
  Went home and talked that night and supped with me.

—JESSIE YOUNG NORTON

BEFORE WINDRISE

Sometimes my life becomes a narrow house
In which I walk with pain,
And hear the wind from long lost Heaven, outside,
Flinging its futile rain
Against the unperturbed and stolid face of earth.

I walked from room to room
To still the cry
Within me. Finally saying, "This is I,
This is my life and this it must remain,"
My soul deliberately sits down again
And rocks, and sews, and presently,
Within me, where a cry arose before,
There grows a silence, like a tall young tree.

And still outside, the wind brings cups of rain,
And throws them on the earth, and still in vain.

—RACHEL MASON PEDEN

ONE MINUTE THINKING

(For N. H.)

Spend one minute, darling,
thinking of me—
one flower minute (or one hour).
Think of me gaily, brightly,
of how my heart would be
a cradle for you
and my mind a house
(a blue and silver house)
where (you have my permission
to stay always . . . .)

Think that it is now, perhaps night and the birds are asleep. The sun is far away in another country where it is day. The sun can never sleep, he has so much to do . . . I believe he is called *El Sol* in some countries but all men know him. Do you know that I have dedicated a castle in my mind to you? And it shall never o not ever be vacant. You must know how empty houses have lost eyes. I will often come to visit you—many times a day. Must I, perhaps, have an invitation?

Do not ever lose me
in your thoughts.
They must be like flowers:
fresh and gay
and, often, dance . . . .

—SOLON R. BARBER

SUNSET PAGEANT

I saw the sunset stain incarnadine
The wide west like rich old Zantean wine,
And flush far toward the zenith with pale rose.
My drowsing mind leaped out of its repose,
And sudden ardor thrilled along my veins.
How glorious, I thought, to plunge away
Into the throbbing heart of dying day,—
To lose myself in that ethereal sea,
That ocean of rapt color ere it wanes
Into vacuity!

There seemed a toss of timbrels on the air
(Or was it an unmuted mocking-bird

In some fresh-blooming orange grove afar
With its melodious word
Bidding out-prick in heaven the eve's first star!)
And with it mounted on its ranging quest
My spirit, that, with an impassioned zest,
Went as on wings into the radiant west.
There straightway I beheld
Imposing figures,—kings and queens of eld,
And heroes panoplied in fold on fold
Of purple, damask and resplendent gold.

There Alexander rode a vaulting steed,
Bucephalus, and spurred away to Tyre;
There Genghis Khan for toys made play with crowns;
There Tamerlaine from tall and toppled towns
Made a great funeral pyre.
There I watched Caesar bleed
While the imperial forum reeled around,
And Attila, by his huge side a hound,
Clutched at a goblet brimmed with foaming mead.
Then Arthur passed, the brand Excalibar
Gripped in his hand, and Richard Lion-Heart,
And Saladin with flashing scimitar,
Bayard for whom there was no counterpart.

And in that bright processional were those
Whose stake was kingdoms, bartering for a kiss;
There, unperturbed, I marked Semiramis,
And the insidious "serpent of old Nile"
Gazing on Grecian Helen with a smile
In her slant eyes; Zenobia whose repose
Was statuesque and stately in despite
Of wrecked Palmyra and the Roman might;
Boadicea in her woeful plight,
Gathering about her breast to hide her woes
Her riven mantle, Catherine of the snows
And lovely Mary, pale as on a day
Within the prison walls of Fotheringay.

With Mary died the sunset. All grew gray
And somber. It was night.
Slowly the Milky Way
Swam into sight.

—Clinton Scollard

BON VOYAGE

A ship sails out for France today
And my heart follows all the way . . . .

Mimosa blooms beside a wall
Like a golden waterfall.

On the road to Normandy
Cherries lacquer every tree.

Birds find singing easier
In the shade of Lisieux.

Spires of churches indicate
Peace that passes estimate.

Order reigns where meadows lie
Acquiescent to the sky.

Snowy sheep and umber cows
Nibble under apple boughs.

By a stream's enameled brink
One may beautifully think.

Adventure waits in little skiffs
Tied to alabaster cliffs.

Echoed down a cobbled street
Laughter runs on lighter feet.

A ship sails out for France today
And my heart follows all the way.

—L. Logan Kean

CONFESSION

All the poet there is in me
Is still of an age for the nursery,
Lisping the plaintive a b c,
"I wish, I want," and "Woe is me!"

—Janet Piper

THE RIVER

We said we would set bounds to love,
And build it banks with care—
It should flow through this hidden place,
Around that island there.

But we forgot hill-snows will melt
Beneath a summer sun,
That we can never mark flood stage
When love has once begun.

And so love's river burst its banks
To seek the hungry sea;
It wrecked the life that we had planned . . . .
I wish it had drowned me!

—Edith Tatum

BEST

Sue was a fever;
  Mollie had zest;
Mary was bright, but
  Naomi was best.

Sue she was sulphur;
  Molly was funny;
Mary was gold, but
  Naomi was honey.

Sue was like cinnamon
  Stirring my head;
But only Naomi
  Was daily bread.

Mary and Mollie
  Brought merry years;
Sue brought me longing;
  Naomi, her tears.

Sue was a fever;
  Mollie had zest;
Mary was bright, but
  Naomi was best.

—Louis Ginsberg

LETTER TO THE DUCHESS

I have buckled heavy plates of bright armor
Under my arm-pits.
A whole pig roasted, and twenty bottles
Of hot white wine have stood untouched
All afternoon on the linen
Draping the table in the stone hall.
Since sunrise the stout planks of my drawbridge
Have spanned the brown fever of the stagnant moat.
One hundred men-at-arms have sat erect
On a hundred black horses in my courtyard.
Tomorrow I shall chop down
Every tree in your forest; wring the neck
Of your silver peacock; hang your cousin
And leave him for the buzzards of the boneyard.

But now, my pretty witch, there is nothing I can do
But whip the servants, blow the tapers out
And—forgiving you, of course—get me to bed.

—Thomas W. Duncan

WAVES

Shimmering, they weave in light,
  Weave within translucent veils,
  Raising iridescent grails
To the prism of my sight:

Curve on shining curve, they reach,
  Swimming, to a feathery end,
  Loose the silver they will spend
On the splendor of the beach:

Through my thrilling nerves they run,
  Dazzling, and dance and sing,
  Racing couriers, who bring
Jewels from my friend, the sun.

—Wilfred J. Funk

MARCH HAS THUNDERED BY

March has thundered by
And April has already wept a little
In its yearning to be heard,
To be welcomed;
Tears, pleading tears,
Then sunshine,
For spring is here.

Within, a race, a surging race
Of thoughts—
A bursting delight
Overflowing into words—
A poem,
Trembling with radiance,
Sparkling with delight,
Reflecting beauty.

Watch, before April drifts away
A poem will linger here.

—M. Florence Hay

THE NUN AND THE MAGDALEN

She has a lovely soul, this Sister Grace;
  Her soft gray eyes shine with a tender light
  That comforts this poor waif, whose wretched plight
Has wrought heart-breaking shadows in her face.
For she has lost what she can not replace;
  Not wisely, but too well . . . the searing blight
  Once more has blemished love's most sacred rite.
The stainless path she never may retrace!

Then, gently comes the voice of Sister Grace,
  Who tells the Magdalen she may atone
For former errors. That He will efface
  Who reckons all, though men may not condone.

The soul of Magdalen is like a vase!
It holds a flame relit by Sister Grace!

—Katharine Buoy

BARNABY

His was an orchard Barnaby had known
First as a field where nothing grew at all;
But by a magic that was quite his own
He turned the brook into a waterfall,
One tree into a thousand till he shut
The birds out fairly so that there occurred
A wilderness around him where his foot
Had stumbled once upon a nesting bird.

"I have my trees," said Barnaby, "enough
For any man, and money in the bank!"
He had the gout too and behind his bluff
I saw that he was weary of the prank
And that his eyes were always on the run
To catch the one thing he had lost—the sun!

—HAROLD VINAL

PRIMITIVE

Bland as a mist, tea chatter hems the room;
Eyes that listen, and voices keyed to please;
And two in a corner, lovers once, resume
A primitive battle pitched in pleasantries.
Their words are low to catch; for, having met
Like accidental strangers, gay, remote,
They loosen words like tigers to beset,
With delicate nicety, each the other's throat.
Each has an eye that shuttles as a sword
Cold with appraisal of the spot to slay;
Many the buried scar the point's explored;
And neither has had the courage yet to say,
"An armistice. Come lay your head to rest
Down on the killing splendor of my breast."

—DOROTHY COWLES PINKNEY

FORMULA

When I am rash and sin a sin
I weave a song to dress it in;
It cannot be so dark a wrong
And still go clad in silver song.

—CAROLYN HEINE

AWAKENING

All my life
I have known the idle peace that safety brings;
Absurdly unaware of pain and strife,
My cares have been such little things!

I learned today
That nothing will endure for very long,
And who goes proudly in contentment's way
Is wrong . . . is wrong . . . .

—KATHLEEN SUTTON

REQUEST

Remember me a little,
In moments of quick beauty:
In the call of a bird,
The fall
Of a crimsoned-yellow leaf,
The clear B flat of a violin
Sustained and haunting;
With the sharp new moon
And its consort star
I would come to you
For the space of a breath,
The length of a sigh.

—LEONA OGILVIE FRAZIER

HOKKU HARVEST

APRIL QUICKENING

Heavy is the plum
Tree, with blossoms, fragrant, white.
In your flesh, love blooms.

LITTLE PRAYER

Some birds wing without
Song. Grant me anguish, life, if
Melody will come.

ON A GOLD DAY

A red rose may hold
A wasp, hidden in its heart—
Red lips may speak lies.

—ELLEN M. CARROLL

PEACE IS LOVELY AS THE LIGHT

I watch the round earth sweep me back
On its ancient eastward track.

The crows and plowmen now have passed
Down the furrow turned the last.

Neither I nor crows can keep
From travelling to the doors of sleep.

The earliest star shines high and still,
Silence wakes the whippoorwill.

Down behind the world the day
From my eyes is hid away.

Some night will come which will not turn
My eyes to see the day return.

But there are the rewards of night,
And peace is lovely as the light.

—Robert P. Tristram Coffin

AFTER DROUGHT

Month followed month of devastating heat.
The growing corn turned yellow, and the grass
Was sere and brittle to the cattle's feet.
The sky became as shining, burnished brass.
Parched in their husks lay all the little grain.
Each garden spot turned to a desert place.
Then came the heavenly, liquid lisp of rain,
To lave in tenderness earth's blistered face.

The dying rootlets stirred and grasped afresh;
The brooks ran shouting, clapping their moist palms;
The fields were covered with a silvery mesh,
And bird and insect voiced their grateful psalms.
While thrusting upward through the sodden mold
There shone a peering little head of gold.

—Edwin Carlile Litsey

METROPOLIS

Staccato towers are tall above the street
And split the sky with puny man-made stone
As high as any dream has ever grown
That man may trace in careful, measured feet.
They stand foursquare as though they dared compete
With all the selfish heaps the world has known
In Rome or Egypt, Rhodes or Babylon,
Or lands forgotten, bowed in long defeat.

They rise undaunted though the wind and dust
Have seen them fall, and silent water knows,
And deeper jungle, where their bones may lie.
Against the stars they vaunt their selfward lust
Less permanent than any wind that goes
With more eternal clouds across the sky.

—Gerald Raftery

THE RIDDLE

Who loves a lake, loves water, fickle stuff;
  Who loves a tree, loves wood, to ax foredoomed;
Who loves a city, has rebuke enough;
  Who loves a body, loves the swift-entombed.
This being so, what solace shall he find,
  What standard shall he raise against despair,
Who dares to set his love upon a mind—
  The most impermanent of all things fair?
If mind be fair, in flesh we apprehend it;
  If mind wage war, through flesh its cause is fought;
If mind have power, a stroke of time can end it—
  Dead Caesar's dust holds not dead Caesar's thought.
Mind is not palpable for moment's pleasure;
Yet for all time your mind is my mind"s treasure.

—Merle M. Elsworth

IN A CAPE COD TOWN

How many times we've traveled in our dreams
I can not count, now that the dreaming's done.
But we have climbed high hills and forded streams
Through Luxor, Tarsus, Rome, and Ilion.

Alone we've sailed the seven chartered seas,
And circled hemispheres when night came down.
Two without passports, lingering on the quays
Of a book's pages, in a Cape Cod town.

Till now in this same town, in every book
That once we read together I can find
Through dreams again the quiet course you took
To "the last port," and follow close behind.

—Marion Frances Brown

THE HOUSE OF MIRRORS

The furtive image that he often saw
Lurking in rooms of elegant repose,
Fugitive in those mirrors where no flaw
Had ever marred the marble or the rose,
Became at last a friend who also bore
Banalities of gloves and cards and flowers.
"And so it happens that we meet once more?—
Madame consults her pleasure, never ours."

His *carte-de-visite* on the salver grows
Yellow, the port and sherry turn to lees.
Was that the bell? . . . He rather liked piquet.
Softly the Shadow comes and softly goes. . .
The Countess, in a hundred mirrors, sees
Only an old witch glittering with jet.

—Leslie Nelson Jennings

The Little Sacred Conspiracy

Write! Write? But, why? Rather, why not? Joseph Auslander has told us why we must, in phrases as lucid as those any of us has given as explanation for our febrile pens. "I suppose," says Joe, "one writes poetry because one has got to or bust. At least that's what it does to me. It kicks up a terrible rumpus inside of me—black fire and hell's cats and a creche of goblin infants in the agonies of teething! And that doesn't mean I don't swear over it. I do."

Driven on by the creative Daemon, prodding us into a white fury whose pain is equaled only by that agony that is ours in the dark night when we are *not* writing, when our minds are atrophied and our emotions turn to dry rot and the flame flickers and gutters, we write because we have got to or bust. Particularly when, after a period of floundering in quicksand, we again reach firm ground and fling ourselves exultantly through underbrush to the still gushing springs, to the still crying torch of yellow fire, then there is no stopping the creative outpouring like a freed flood, like a loosened tongue of flame. And, sobbing, laughing, watching, the fire and the flood as they take shape and lash at us and then leap from our pens,—we write. We cannot truly write otherwise, and under this goad we cannot write but truly. Sincerity is there, beauty is born with the flame and the flood, and truth will harness both if we will have her. Writing without that urge, not spurred by that travail, not lashed by that command,—writing only for the filling of space or for tinkle in a purse, or for acclaim, or for fame, or for sake of conceit—were writing in water on a fire-hot plane, a writing still-born, jejeune, uninspired. This, true of any creative writing, is infallibly true of poetry.

But, having written, why publish? Is not the creative debt paid in fulfilling of the obligation? Cannot the craftsman lay away his molten work in its perfection, to cool, to anneal, to mellow in humble oblivion, this little sacred conspiracy between its creator and his Creator?

There you have it, the answer. If the work was indeed wrung from the writer's blood and sweat and prayer, there would remain only the question of the accidental glory of God and the good of souls: whether to fold the created work away, to sing itself in secret before the uncreated majesty of the Godhead, or whether humility and love

alike might not better be served by placing it in the sunshine, where all might see and hear and be lifted up in that contemplation.

Conceit and quest for fame, for acclaim, or for tinkle in a purse, might serve as motive for the publishing of most of our wares, because these were the uninspired dull embers, or shallow stream, of their creative force. But for sake of the moment that turned into a tempest or a leaping flame, the moment touched by beauty and blessed by sincerity and crowned by truth, let us forgive all else.

Write, because one has got to or bust; publish, because the work so written was touched by a hand not human.

—BENJAMIN MUSSER.

Contributors To This Issue

Geoffrey Johnson, an English poet of considerable prominence, is soon to publish a book of verse. Joseph Upper is a Washington poet. Alex R. Schmidt writes from Piedmont, California. Robert Leseur Jones is assistant editor of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse.* Raymond Kresensky is the author of *Emmaus.* James E. Warren, Jr., of Atlanta, Georgia, contributes frequently to the leading verse magazines. Marion R. Goble lives in Pasadena, California. Jessie Young Norton is another Atlanta poet. Rachel Mason Peden resides in Spencer, Indiana. G. Ersyl Manahan is a poet of Wellington, Kansas. L. Logan Kean lives in Lexington, Missouri. Mary Sinton Leitch is a widely read Virginia poet. Solon R. Barber is a Washington, D. C., poet. Clinton Scollard is an exceedingly prolific poet of Kent, Conn. Wilfred J. Funk owns the *Literary Digest.* Louis Ginsberg, widely published poet, lives in New Jersey. Thomas W. Duncan resides in Des Moines, Iowa. Leona Ogilvie Frazier writes from Miami, Florida. Kathleen Sutton lives in Anniston, Alabama. Katherine Buoy is another California poet. M. Florence Hay also writes from California. Ellen M. Carroll is editor of *Choir Practice.* Janet Piper resides in Iowa City, Iowa. Harold Vinal is editor of *Voices* as well as author of a number of fine volumes of poetry, the newest of which is *Humn to Chaos.* Robert P. Tristram Coffin, an outstanding poet, will bring out another volume of poetry this spring. Carolyn Heine writes from Winter Park, Florida. Edwin Carlile Litsey is a Kentucky poet. Merle M. Elsworth resides in Washington, D. C. Gerald Raftery's home is in Elizabeth, New Jersey. Edith Tatum is the author of *Patteran.* Dorothy Cowles Pinkney lives in Old Greenwich, Conn. Leslie Nelson Jennings is a Berkeley, California, poet.

Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award

"In the memory of Ernest Hartsock, donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25 prize for the best poem in each issue of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse.*" The Ernest Hartsock Memorial Award is hereby made to Robert P. Tristram Coffin for "Let Me Remember to Give Thanks" and "We Are the Fools Who Doubt," two poems which appeared in the January-February number of *Bozart and Contemporary Verse.*